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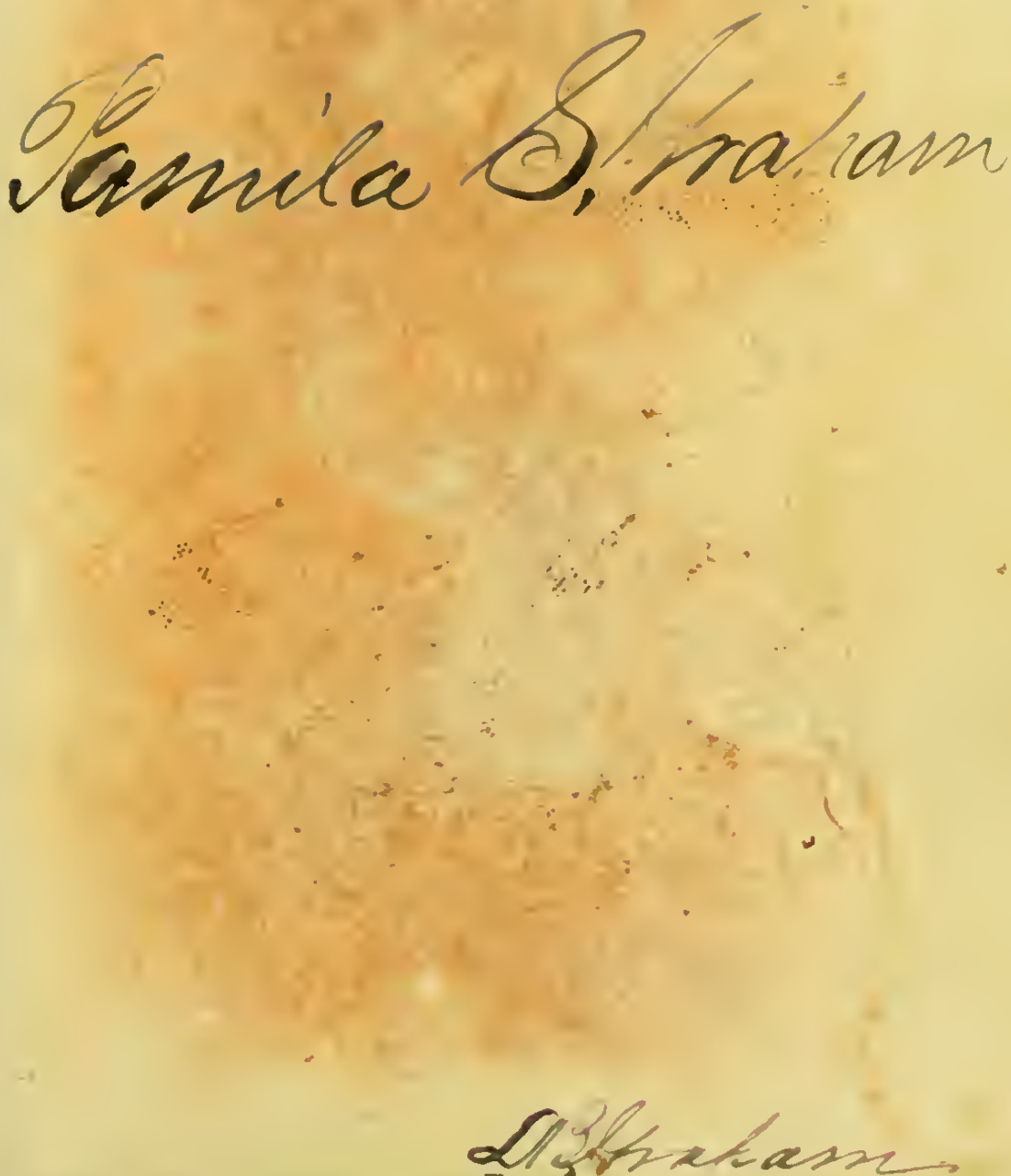
Pamela S. Graham
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Litho. of Sharp & Pierce Boston

THE

# WEDDING GIFT,

TO ALL WHO ARE ENTERING THE

## MARRIAGE STATE.

EDITED BY

COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

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"The kindest and the loveliest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

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# PREFACE.

LOVE is an essential element of connubial felicity — not the effervescence of youthful passion, but a pure, fervent, and enduring regard, that will enable the married pair to bear with the imperfections of human nature, and overcome the trials of life. God saw it not best for man to be alone, and he gave him woman as his most fitting companion. Marriage is not, therefore, a mere commercial transaction — it is an institution for mutual happiness, and mutual profit, and its great end can never be answered where true and sincere love is wanting. Let me counsel, then, those entering into this holy and interesting relation, to guard well this cardinal point. And after the marriage ceremony is passed, and the nuptial vows shall have been exchanged, and the novelty of the married

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life wears away, see to it, that the affections do not begin to lag — that coldness, or indifference, or fretfulness do not invade the sanctuary of the heart. Rest now upon your strong mutual regard, and let the affections that have been but recently kindled and cemented, grow stronger and stronger, as time and age may be given to you.

In this little volume are many hints and suggestions calculated to promote the highest interests of the husband and the wife in the various situations incident to the married state. The young married pair will not always be young — they have entered upon a relation that will exist to the end of life; — it is wise, then, to look to the end, note the way marks, and pursue the path that leads to happiness. It is believed that this humble effort will not be considered an unworthy offering by pastor, friend, or lover, to any who may be interested in the subject of its pages.

C. P.

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THE

# WEDDING GIFT.

## CHAPTER I.

### TO THE YOUNG WIFE ON HER NEW RELATIONSHIP.

REMEMBER, fair daughter of love, that by the holy ceremony in which you have just participated, you have taken upon you a title the most honorable amongst honorable titles, a title sanctified from the earliest days in the religious duties of civilized society. You are now become, in obedience to the ordinance of God, man's reasonable companion, and the end of your being is to assist him in the toils of life, to sooth him with tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

The being to whom you are now united has selected you, *above all others*, from the surrounding thousands of your sex, to preside over his house. He has made you the partner of his fortunes, and to your care has he entrusted the sum of his domestic happiness. The solemn vow which he has made at the altar, to take you for better or worse, and to cherish and love you in sickness and in health, testifies in the most forcible manner, the sincerity of his present attachment. And he has pledged the happiness of his future life, which no being would do, unless in the unbounded confidence of a judicious selection of the object of his affections.

Marriage is not the union of a day, a month, or a year; but an union which will endure for many years, and which can be dissolved only by death. Consider, then, seriously, the responsibility of the state into which you have entered.

### AS THE HEAD OF A FAMILY.

The limited sphere in which you have hitherto moved, has now expanded into a wide field of usefulness. As the head of a family, you will be regarded as a pattern by those around you, and upon the superiority of your judgment they will depend for their guidance. Your domestics, if you be in such circumstances as to have them about you, will become insensibly, under your influence and direction, perfect or imperfect in their vocations, and useful or useless as members of society. Under your training, the due and proper discharge of their duties may be rendered a source of happiness to them; by your disregard of your duties as a mistress, they may be rendered not only useless as servants, but restless and unhappy in themselves.

### AS A MOTHER.

In the course of time you may become the mother of children, to whom you will

stand in the light of an infallible guide and example, unsullied by habits which may prejudicially influence the character of youth, and free from every sentiment calculated to injure the cause of virtue. As their mother you will be the spring of their movements, and the regulator of their habits; and upon you will chiefly depend their comfort and happiness.

### CULTIVATE A GOOD TEMPER.

In the relation of wife a most important duty devolves upon you in regard to the mainspring of domestic felicity — *temper*. Till this important period of your life, your sole centre in this respect has been yourself. However wayward may have been your wishes, however discontented you may have been at times, the influence upon your temper has only affected yourself; but by marriage, two tempers are united, which, if they do not as accurately blend as nature will permit, the most unhappy consequences

will be the result. A proper training and conforming of temper, therefore, is an act of the very deepest importance. It is an operation which will require much resolution on your part, especially if nature has not given you an adequate share of pliancy and cheerfulness; but as the prize is inestimable, so must your endeavors be unceasing and strenuous. In courtship it has been remarked, that "the quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love;" but the case is quite otherwise in the married state. Beware, then, of the first disagreement, beware of the first unkind word; far better will it be for you to receive ten unmerited rebukes, than utter one unkind word. The former will give you a triumph over yourself, and an ultimate triumph over your husband; the latter will fill you with humiliation and regret. A good temper is an invaluable blessing, not only to the individual who possesses it, but to every being and object within its influence. It is like a healthy

atmosphere, it promotes cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits in all around, and the most gloomy and discontented minds can scarcely resist its happy power. But the temper which casts this influence around it must not be confounded with that easy disposition which nature sometimes gives, and in which no feeling either pleasurable or otherwise exists, and which passes unmoved amidst those points of sensibility which constitute the charm of life.

There are many circumstances to be taken into consideration in offering you this wholesome advice. You may be an only child, whose parents have indulged your little fancies from their warmth of affection; you may be one of a family blessed by affluence and every indulgence, whose whims have never been crossed; or you may be one of a family who have been allowed to run riot and uncontrolled; to you the surrendering of your least wishes may be a task apparently insurmountable and full of hardships.

## THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LIFE, ESSENTIALLY DIFFERENT.

Remember, that the happiness of married life and of unmarried life are essentially different; in the one you *reign;* in the other, you are *governed;* in a filial point of view, you have no actual will of your own. As a wife you reign in your own household, and are regarded with consideration by those whom you visit, and by those by whom you are visited; you are the cherished object of one who has attached you to himself by an indissoluble tie, to share his fortunes to the end of your lives; who will partake in your sympathies, and make you participator in his own; and whose pleasures will be increased by your enjoyment of them.

No man would knowingly marry a contentious, fretful, or discontented woman; and rest assured your husband is not an exception to this rule. If then, these fail-

ings constitute the defect in your character, how grievous to him will be the deception which has been practised upon him in concealing the defect till it is beyond his power to help himself. How agonizing to him will be the first display of temper from a being whom he has considered as almost angelic!

### A HAPPY HOME.

While engaged in the duties of life, your husband will of necessity meet with numerous circumstances to harass and distress him, and for these harassments there is no solace like that of a happy home. The world will corrupt, home should refine; the one even in the sober transactions of life, will present examples of craftiness, self-interestedness, and laxness of moral principle; and even in its most alluring scenes of pleasure, will present only folly and vanity. By mixing with these, even without participating in them, your hus-

band's mind will become cankered, and contract a rust which nothing can counteract but the comforts of a well regulated and happy home. When that home presents a picture of virtue, innocence, and peace, none but a depraved mind can withstand its influence. It is there his heart will acquire its moral lustre. How important, then, is it, that you should obtain that influence over his mind which shall prompt him to turn frequently from the world to your society for happiness and refinement.

# CHAPTER II.

## HINTS REGARDING RELATIVES OF THE HUSBAND AND OF THE WIFE.

The solemnization of matrimony and the union of two hearts, as man and wife, does not of necessity constitute the union of the families of each party. This fact is deserving of deep consideration, inasmuch as it is not a rare occurrence that conjugal happiness, if not entirely broken up, is deranged to a degree almost tantamount, by the jealousies of the two families.

### YOUR HUSBAND'S MOTHER.

You will have been, previous to the celebration of marriage, received by the parents and friends of your husband in the light only of a select visitor, and as the

peculiar intimate friend of one of the family. The delegating to you of the authority which a mother exercises over a son till his marriage — an indefinable authority, which every good mother exercises over a good son — has probably never once flashed across the mind of your mother-in-law. She will consider him to the latest moment as her peculiar property, granted to her by the laws of nature; a being whom she has reared and nourished, and trained up to her own mind, and whose daily progress she has watched with the most zealous affection. She will, therefore, regard with instinctive jealousy every estrangement of that affection which has existed from the birth of her offspring.

Now there are two points of view in which you must contemplate those feelings of affection, each of which will present to you a favorable view. First, you must bear in mind the affections of a mother for her offspring. If she were a worthless

woman, and not fit to be entrusted with the care and training of a child, she would not possess these jealous feelings of attachment. Secondly, you may rest assured that if a strong attachment exists between a mother and her son, it prognosticates favorably for your future happiness; for an affectionate son rarely, if ever, makes a bad husband. It may be said, then, that if you wish to obtain a partner in every way desirable as the companion of your future life, you must expect a jealousy on the part of his mother on your taking him from the home of his first and best friend.

Seeing that such feelings are to be expected, you must exercise your utmost circumspection, as happiness is the prize. We have before observed, that a good mother must merit your esteem; endeavor, therefore, to engage her affections as the mother of your husband, and engage her affections also as a senior whose experience is worth having. As a chief means of

obtaining this end, form a resolution in your own mind to be pleased with her, and you will find that in this almost wholly consists the art of making yourself acceptable.

### YOUR HUSBAND'S SISTER.

Another relationship also presents difficulties equally perplexing with that above enumerated — it may almost be said more perplexing than the case of a mother, for the difficulty is multiplied by a multiplication of persons — we allude to the sisters of your husband. It may so happen that death has deprived him of the affectionate parent we have alluded to, and in this case the probability is, if he have any sisters, that they will reside with him under the same roof, and will have exercised the authority of his mother in the management of domestic matters. In this case you will have a more difficult course to pursue; first, because a sister cannot feel that affec-

tion and interest in the object of your choice which a mother does; and second, being young, and not having had that intercourse with the world which persons of more mature years have, they will be subject to prejudices which will be seriously calculated to mar your happiness. In all these trying cases you must act with firmness, with kindness, and with patience. The making of a rash and hasty inroad upon the preëxisting arrangements of the household, must excite jealousy and ill feelings. You should endeavor to be guided by the standard of your own feelings, and a strict adherence to this rule will put you in a tolerably sure path. A sensible woman will always know what she would wish and expect to meet under such circumstances, and any palpable deviation from such a standard she may justly consider as an infringement of her prerogative as a wife.

### PROPER COURSE FOR THE HUSBAND.

In the case of your husband's home having been managed by a maiden sister, or by several, it would be the more delicate and agreeable mode on your marriage, for him at once to assign to you, in their presence, the absolute control of his household, and to communicate to you a proper line of conduct as the fulfilment of *his wishes*. Such a plan would at once remove all unpleasantness as far as you are concerned, and should such a line of conduct not suggest itself to him, it will not be amiss, should you be placed in the case of necessity, to propose such a course for his adoption.

In all these straits and difficulties, however, as in all the transactions of life — good sense and good temper will effect wonders.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE INDEPENDENT BEINGS.

In closing our remarks on this head, we would observe, that a man and woman

having entered into the holy state of wedlock, immediately become independent beings ; the control of the parents on either side ceases, and no other person has or ought to have any influence whatever over either husband or wife. In using the term influence, however, we would not be understood to mean, that the affectionate advice of parents, whose experience is frequently invaluable, should be disregarded in matters where experience alone can be of service. By influence we mean the result of that meddling interference which officious relatives will sometimes practise, and thereby set the husband and wife together by the ears, as it is commonly termed. Should it ever be the case that a slight ruffle of the temper takes place between you (which God forbid), be assured that interference on the part of relatives is most injudicious, and cannot, by any possibility, do good.

## KEEP YOUR OWN SECRETS.

Should a passing cloud overshadow the sunshine of your happiness, confine the fact within your own bosom, and within your own home, till it is dissipated by the return of reason. Any enlargement upon it to relatives or friends will tend to foment it; and you will be equally degraded in their eyes, as you must ultimately in your own, for having made the circumstances public. Should the fact of your having sought the advice of your friends become known to your husband, that mutual trust which must exist between you to render the married state a happy one, will be forever destroyed. Consider well, therefore, before you impart to a third party any disagreements that may take place in your home. Be rather solicitous to screen them from observation. The human heart is not generally hard, unless it is made so; beware, then, of tampering with it. It may be that there is much to

blame on your own part, though you cannot see it (for self-knowledge is in all cases most rare); and in the case of your friends deciding against you in any appeal which you may make to them, how painful and humiliating will be your feelings!

### TELL NOT YOUR GRIEFS TO THE OPPOSITE SEX.

One last remark we will make in concluding this chapter, to which too much attention cannot be paid. Should it unfortunately be the case that extreme irritation of feelings *drives* you to impart your "griefs" to a third party, let not that third party be one of the opposite sex; as the penalty of forfeiting the whole sum of your future happiness must be the issue of such a proceeding. A mutual friend — one whom you may each of you respect, may chance to call in when the warmth of feeling is upon you, and in the absence of your husband you may be led to ask his

advice, — an act which in cooler moments, your native modesty would recoil at. In taking this step you bestow on the person a confidence which no male person but your husband should possess under any circumstances, and should he be chaste as Joseph, he will consider that you are throwing yourself upon his protection, and the misery that will ensue will be of the most terrific description.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that it is injudicious to seek advice under any circumstances we have enumerated. The appealing to others shows a weakness of character which will assuredly be imposed on. A proper dependence on self is, therefore, the only point on which to rely, and from which any permanent satisfaction can be derived.

# CHAPTER III.

## ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DRESS.

In the days of youth, when the heart of woman yearns for an object on which to place its tenderest affections, who has not observed her solicitude to present her charms to the eye of man in the most attractive form? How studiously does she then consider the most becoming colors in which to dress, and how anxious is she that the contour of her person should be set forth in the most becoming way. It is by this combined witchery that the eye of man is caught — it is by this influence that his heart becomes her possession — it is this judicious union of a graceful person with tasteful dress, that impresses her image upon his imagination, to be borne about

in his daily occupation, and to lead him home with talismanic effect when the toils of the day are over.

### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Many women too often seem to think, that the marriage ceremony having been completed, there is no further need for that becoming adherence to the proprieties of dress, which have been in some degree a cause of attraction. They fancy that they are then only *married women*, and by their negligence in their dress, openly confess that the art of love has been but an artifice, and their husbands the dupes. The gracefully arranged hair, or tasteful cap is supplanted till mid-day by the night-cap — the smart and cleanly morning dress, surmounted by a neat lace collar, is exchanged for the dishabille — the showy boot or shoe, and snow white stocking, gives place to the slovenly slipper; and finally, oh sad catastrophe, the ardent lover

becomes the negligent husband — the comfortable home, a desert.

### EVILS OF SLOVENLINESS.

A woman who is wise should commune with herself deeply on this head. The effort which was an act of inclination before her marriage, she should consider as a point of duty afterwards; nor should inattention to any thing agreeable to her husband give rise to the mortifying suspicion that the desire to please him is not so impelling a principle of action as he had supposed it might always be. Few husbands are indifferent to the personal appearance of their wives; and still fewer there are who do not regard negligence in dress with even more disgust than perhaps it deserves; though when it arrives at its most aggravated state of slovenliness and want of cleanliness, it becomes a vice, and can scarcely be too much condemned. When this is perceptible in a wife, it requires no witchcraft to

foretell the approach of disorder in her family, and the loss of the esteem of her husband.

Fatal, however, as this negligence may be to the peace and welfare of the husband and wife, its baneful influence does not always terminate here; there may be children, there may be servants; — a negligent mother *must* have negligent children; a negligent mistress must have negligent servants. This self-abandonment to negligence must influence the whole domestic circle, and must in the end affect not only the comfort, but the prosperity of the husband. The progress of ruin in such cases though slow, is certain; and like the fatal passion of gambling, spreads its desolation when hope has fled.

### A CORRECT TASTE.

Now, fair reader, there is a possibility that you have concluded that this chapter has been written by some Lothario, who

would have a wife devote her whole attention to the toilet, for the gratification of a fastidious and whimsical husband — and that it is intended you shall lay aside all regard for economy, industry, and household matters, to make yourself a mere puppet to please his eye. Far different, however, is the case. The suggestion here given is that a degree of taste should be observed by you in your attire, from motives of policy, and also from motives of economy Dress, it is true, may be considered as the criterion of a woman's taste. A moment's survey decides the question whether it be good or bad. If your husband perceives that fashion has not been servilely or implicitly followed, that peculiarity has been avoided, and simplicity preferred to splendor, the opinion he forms must be in favor of your taste; and the supposition will follow that the good sense which directs your choice of attire, will have its influence over every thing of which you have the direction and control.

# CHAPTER IV.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER.

THERE is a deep moral connected with the joyful tidings that a child is born into the world. And joyful let us call these tidings, notwithstanding all that a morbid and miserable philosophy would teach about another human creature being sent into this world to sin and suffer like the rest. Yes, "joyful" let us call it, for the beneficent Creator himself has designed that there should be joy; and nature attests that there is joy connected with this event, while the fond heart of the mother acknowledges in the smiles of her infant an overpayment of delight for all her solicitudes, her anxieties, and her fears.

### JOY OF THE YOUNG MOTHER.

And why should not the mother rejoice? Has she not become the possessor of a new nature, to whose support she can devote all the vast resources of her self-love without selfishness? She has now an object peculiarly her own, for which to think and to feel — and not less, for which to suffer.

It is with joy, that a new being is ushered into the world, to share its portion amongst the many in the mingled lot of human weal and woe — to enter upon a career in which it is but reasonable to indulge the hope of filling an honored place on the great theatre of life — of contributing its share to the sum of human happiness, and for enjoying in its turn the full exercise of all those faculties of mind and body with which so much happiness is connected.

### THE YOUNG MOTHER'S TRUST.

Why should not a mother rejoice? Have we so learned the doctrine of our Lord and

Savior, that we cannot trust to him the keeping of our earthly treasure? Surely there is infidelity of the most ungrateful kind in that spirit which believes, and yet knows not how to trust. But there is both hope and trust in the mother's breast at that glad moment when she folds her infant to her bosom; for though she may herself have failed in judgment, and in will, ten thousand times, and fallen short in acts of duty almost beyond the hope of pardon, she looks into the guileless countenance of her child; and while tears of true repentance fall on its brow, she dedicates its young life, with all its growing energies, to a holier and more faithful service than she, with her weakness and waywardness, has been able to pursue.

### THE YOUNG MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

Granting, then, that there is joy in the event of a child being ushered into life, and that such joy is founded chiefly upon a

kind of indefinite hope which fills the mother's breast; granting, also, as one of our first poets has beautifully said, that

—— "The food of hope
Is meditated action,"

the most natural inquiry, nay that which must necessarily follow in the mind of a rational woman, is, — for what shall I prepare my child?

Pending the solution of this most important question, it is more than probable that the mother's thoughts will go back to her own childhood. By the many retrospective glances she has thrown back in the course of her own life, she will no doubt have been able to perceive many defects in the management and training by which she herself was conducted from infancy to youth; and now, if ever, she looks seriously upon this picture with a fervent desire to ascertain the truth, to make out a faithful chart of the rocks and shoals upon which her own bark, may at different times, have nearly

suffered shipwreck, as well as the safe channels through which she has at other times been enabled to pass unharmed.

There are quiet hours permitted to almost all before a mother enters again upon the active duties of life, during which this peculiar kind of retrospection might, and no doubt is, carried on with lasting benefit to herself and her family.

### SELF-EXAMINATION — RESPONSIBILITY.

But what is the young mother to do who has never cultivated the habit of serious thought, and still less that of self-examination? By such, there is but one thing to be done, to begin to cultivate these habits now. Hitherto she may have believed that she was acting only for herself, and therefore willing, to a certain extent, to reap the consequences of her own actions; but now the consequences are strictly to another, and that other being almost dearer than herself. Upon her parents, her relatives,

nay, even upon her husband, she may have secretly thrown the blame of many of her faults and deficiencies; but there can no blame be thrown upon another here. The field is open before her in which she is to act — the page is clear and vacant upon which she has to write; whatever is written there in the capacity of a mother, is written on her own responsibility; whatever is done, is done for time and for eternity.

There are cases occuring to all of us in which we do not take the trouble to decide whether we are right or wrong, simply because we deem the occasion of too little consequence to merit any serious thought; or at all events, even while we feel we are a *little* wrong, we satisfy the claims of conscience by the plea that it is our custom, our habit, or a thing we must do because we have always done it. But in the training of a child this plea can never be allowed, because every thing is of consequence then, and the sins of omission in that most trying

process tell as legibly upon the character under formation, as those that are more positive and direct, the mind of the child being less matured.

From the duties of a mother there is then no escape; and hence it follows, that if ever in the whole of a woman's life she is called to think seriously, it is when she first becomes a parent.

## THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

To persons of candid minds, but chiefly to those who feel their own deficiency, and would be glad to profit by the experience and observation of others, I would in the true spirit of charity submit these pages, because it is to such I believe that the first experience of a mother's life will have many anxious feelings mingled with its joys. It is among this class especially that I have imagined the first thoughts of a mother to wander back to her own childhood, and to take a serious and impartial

survey of her own past life; to mark where she has fallen short or gone astray, by what temptations she has been most frequently overcome, and which have been the weakest points in her character. But above all, I have imagined that the Christian mother would by prayer and heartfelt dedication, commend her child to the care and guidance of its Heavenly Father, in the hope that both it and its earthly parents might begin a new life more strictly devoted to his service and glory. It is by no means an unfrequent case, that as young people grow up, and find themselves either not so good or not so clever as they expected and wished to be, *they reflect either secretly or openly upon the management of their parents*, who, they believe, might have made them better than they are. It is quite possible, too, that their parents might have been in fault, and they from their own discrimination, or from the general advance of society towards a more enlightened state, do ac-

tually see the defects of their over-straining, as those defects begin to tell upon their own characters and conduct in riper years. All who have been led to think seriously on this subject have probably felt this, but it is not all who have an opportunity of showing how such defects may be remedied by training up others in a happier and wiser manner.

Again, we are all more or less beguiled into a belief that it is too late to make any serious alteration in the habits which mark our private lives. Indeed, the fact that they are habits seems to stamp them to ourselves with a kind of excusability, though we lament over them in tones of contrition before our friends, and even believe in our sincerity when we pray to be forgiven. But if we can thus excuse ourselves in a few secretly cherished faults, and if we are sometimes content to pursue our earthly pilgrimage under the pressure of the burden of which we still com-

plain, surely the mother, in contemplating the future character of her child, will not allow herself to suppose that the same plea will be available here.

No, neither ignorance nor habit, those too strong holds of the human soul, under which it so often takes refuge, fondly believing that they will cover a multitude of sins — neither the one nor the other will serve the mother's purpose now. *What she has condemned in the management of the parent, she is bound the more scrupulously to avoid in her own;* what she fancies she has grown too old to correct in herself; she has no excuse for not preventing in her child.

### A MOTHER'S VIGILANCE.

It is common, too, with mothers of the humblest capacity, as well as with the more enlightened, to observe with the most scrutinizing attention, the bodily health of their children, believing that where no disease exists there may still be tendencies in

the constitution, and liabilities to certain ailments which maternal love is ever quick to detect in their first appearance, and which the mother seldom spares time or pains to arrest in their progress.

In a manner not less certain, though less palpable, does the human mind bring along with it seeds of disease, individual tendencies and peculiarities, certainly not less important than those which belong more especially to the bodily frame. All these it ought to be the care of the mother to search for, to detect, and to turn into a healthy course; for, as in her care of the animal frame, it is for the future she watches and toils, in order that her offspring may be healthy, active, and fit for all the useful purposes of life; so it is for the future, and for one which extends far beyond what the body needs be prepared for, that she has to cultivate the mind, the immortal part of her child, and render it equal to a state of beatitude.

## PHYSICAL AND MORAL TRAINING.

It is not for any of the purposes of to-day, or even of the coming to-morrow, that the child is practised in the art of placing one foot before the other, as in the act of walking. It is not for to-day that the child is encouraged to use its muscles, to grasp and to appropriate whatever is within its reach, or at least whatever may be laid hold of without injury. If the present time were all we had to consider, most assuredly the less grasping and the less appropriation, the more easy and pleasant would be the office of nurse. Instead, however, of consulting her own case, the mother devotes herself with unremitting assiduity to the cultivation of the bodily faculties of her infant, so that none of its organic functions may suffer from the want of exercise. If she discovers the slightest tendency to the contraction of a muscle, or the distortion of a limb, her whole being is absorbed by

apprehensions of the most distressing kind; and all her energies are directed to the means of averting the evils she anticipates for the future. Is it thus, I would ask, on the first discovery of a tendency to impatience, to contradiction, or to revenge? It is probable that every positive exhibition of those wrong tendencies is proportioned to the good or evil temper of the nurse; but as to the philosophy of severe punishments, as well might a crooked limb be forcibly set straight every time it was seen out of place, as a perverse child be simply punished every time it is wrong.

There is no woman blind enough to suppose mere momentary correction will be of any lasting use; and why then should the mind, or in other words, the moral character, be treated with less reasoning and less calculation than its animal frame.

## WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Whence can have arisen that most absurd and infatuated notion, that a woman while young and unmarried may cultivate her mind and improve her character to any extent; but that as a wife she has no need to advance any farther, and as a mother she will do very well if she can but superintend the dressing and undressing of a baby. If, as regards the female sex, there should have been ground for the establishment of so erroneous a belief, one would suppose that the simple fact of mothers having the training of boys as well as girls committed to their care, might sometimes startle them into a consciousness of the vast amount of responsibility resting upon them. The single thought so alarming in its spirit-stirring interests, that all the statesmen of the rising generation, all the ministers of religion, as well as all men whatever be their station in the world, will have received

as regards their moral and intellectual characters, their first bias, and often their strongest and their last, from the training and the influence of a mother, is a consideration that cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind of the young, more especially those who have it in their power to profit by such thoughts.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THERE is one thing without which no person married or single can really prosper; to which we shall devote a chapter; and to which let us hope an adequate share of attention will be paid — we mean the strict observance of our daily duty to that Supreme Being to whom we owe our existence and from whom all our happiness is derived.

If it has been a regular practice before your marriage, it is not likely that you will be willing to abandon it at a time when your position has become more important, and your example more influential over society at large.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

It may happen that the observance of family worship has not been practised in the family of your husband, and in this case it will require a degree of caution which you, as a religious wife will well know how to use. It unfortunately happens that Religion, which should be an honored and welcome guest in every house, is too generally under the necessity of being introduced by stealth at a side entrance, and *endured* as an intruder, rather than cherished as a loved friend. But true piety is a principle which leads us to honor God in every thing. It will have an influence upon us at home and abroad, in society and in solitude, upon common, as well as extraordinary occasions.

It is this principle which leads a Christian to exercise a religious care over his family; and in this part of his conduct he shows not only the devout state of his affections

but likewise the soundness of his judgment. Every wise man sees the necessity of having some plan of domestic government, in order to preserve his house from being a scene of confusion and misery. And by what expedient can a Christian better accomplish this purpose than by contriving that every member of his family may feel the force of those principles by which he himself is made happy.

In contemplating the head of a family thus devoted, how forcibly does the commendation given to Abraham appear to us. "I know him that he will command his children, and his household after him to do justice and judgment." And how reasonable a thing is it, that God should be honored in that community which derives all its comfort from him. In a family there are mercies received from God, of which all the members are equal partakers. How fit and becoming a thing is it, then, that all the members should join in acts of devout

homage to their common Protector and Benefactor.

### BENEFITS OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

The assembling every day for this purpose is calculated to produce the happiest effects on the minds and conduct of our children and domestics. To recall the attention of a family frequently to the Supreme Being tends to impress the members of it with an idea of his authority, and of their dependence upon his providence. It holds forth religion to them as a duty, not only of occasional, but of daily obligation. The constant reading of the Holy Scriptures, the frequent imploring forgiveness of sin, and petitioning for grace to act right towards God and man, imperceptibly convey into their minds a knowledge of the duties which they owe to God, to themselves, and to each other.

We find in families where religious order prevails, that there a knowledge of

right and wrong also prevails; and although evil passions occasionally discover themselves, we do not see *unrestrained* violence; the good effects of daily instruction and daily worship are manifest in the tempers and conduct of the various members of our households, amid all their imperfections. On the other hand, in those houses in which religious instruction is never heard, nor any act of devotion seen, we observe a deplorable ignorance of moral obligation. How unlikely is it that there should be a steady obedience rendered to man, where the fear of God is not taught either by precept or example. If therefore, we consult merely our own comfort, the best course we can pursue is to tread in the steps of those Godly men whose houses were consecrated by the daily performance of family worship.

## HOME INFLUENCES.

Families are the nurseries of the State. Parents, magistrates, senators and ministers of religion, were once children in a family; and have probably brought with them into their important stations a strong tincture of the habits which prevailed in the home of their infancy. We retain the impressions which we receive in early life; and if they be not favorable to virtue, their corrupt influence may be traced in the actions of a riper period. Licentious children become ungovernable men. From not being habituated when children to reverence God and eternal things, men are frequently found to grow up with a heathenish insensibility in matters of religion; an insensibility which they discover amidst all the qualifications they have derived from a polite and liberal education. When to such persons a moral trust is committed, it is easy to conjecture how it will be executed.

Those who have truly christian minds feel a benevolent concern for the interests of society, and will have a regard to this in the management of those committed to their care. They will make it their business to send them forth to the world *well principled*, that when they are added to the mass of the people they may communicate to it a correcting influence which may tend to diminish and not to increase the too great quantity of evil which pervades it.

Children and servants are influenced by what is *always* addressing itself to them. They judge of things not from what one man says one day of the week, but from what every person is saying every day. The *customs and habits* of a family are the things which form their opinions and their character; and if among these there be no act which is intended to do honor to religion, there is not only nothing done to carry on the design of the public religious instruction of the Sabbath, but many things which will defeat that design.

## REASONABLENESS AND MORAL BEAUTY OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

The importance of family worship is frequently overruled by the ridicule which the wicked and licentious choose to cast upon it. But is it becoming a man of sense and seriousness to suffer himself to be stopped in what he believes will contribute to the honor due to God, to the improvement and happiness of his children and servants, and to the benefit of society, by some thoughtless observer who never sat down seriously to consider what he chooses to ridicule.

The most solemn and approved things may be made sport of by some; but let us consider how they are regarded by others. Is it not a beautiful sight to see a pious man collect his household around him — open his Bible — read distinctly and reverently a portion of that holy book, and then kneeling down with them, thankfully acknowledge the blessings which he and his

family have received, and humbly implore the continuance of the divine mercy. This, however it may be misrepresented by thoughtless men, is without doubt in the sight of God a dignified spectacle, and of most salutary effect.

### MODE OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

A few hints as to the mode of practising family worship may here not be out of place.

In the first place then, let the master of a house remember that the more pleasantly family worship is conducted, the better it will be for the interests of religion; provided however that we do not in endeavoring to render it agreeable, let it sink to the level of an unmeaning observance. To prevent weariness, long services should be avoided. A well chosen hour for family prayer is of great importance. An hour at which the greatest number can attend, which is least liable to interruption, and

at which the members are most capable of attention, is the hour to be chosen. The hour being fixed, let it never be varied; punctuality is essential to order.

In the discharge of so sacred a duty as that of religious worship, every thing is of importance. The *manner* therefore in which it is performed by him who conducts it, deserves some consideration. Let it be free from such habits as indicate want of reverence or dissipate attention. *Delivery* ought particularly to be attended to. Let him who leads in family worship be concerned to render it both solemn and engaging.

Among our visiters there may be one who has been so unhappily educated as never to have been present at the performance of family worship, and to him such an observance may appear merely a kind of sectarian peculiarity. On the arrival of such a person, orderly families have suspended their usual worship. But far be

such a mean accommodation from the conduct of a christian! No, let the stranger see how we live — what regard we pay to an invisible eye — and where we ground our best hopes.

### THE FAMILY.

In conclusion, let there be a mixture of devotion, instruction, government, and example, in the superintendence of a family. Let these go hand in hand; and while they support each other, they will give stability and comfort to the house in which they are exercised. It will be the abode of peace. In the superiors will be seen authority tempered with kindness; among the inferiors, sobriety, fidelity, industry and frugality; *and among all, good will to each other will be observable.*

## RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE MOTHER.

In the religious instruction of her children a mother will find it necessary to prepare them not to look for perfection in any human form; but rather to expect that amongst the best of human beings there will be faults, while amongst the worst there will occasionally be something to commend. She will teach them that it is the state of the heart before God upon which their eternal safety depends.

What is done by a mother is of infinite importance to her children; because a single fault indulged on her part may impart its character to their whole lives, and spread through circle after circle of influence widening on and still extending long after she herself has been gathered to her earthly home. But since we are all human, and since the brightest examples of human excellence are shadowed by some

cloud and obscured by some defect, the mother has no need to be discouraged as regards her religious influence, so long as her heart is right with God; because there will be a spirit pervading her whole life to which her children will not be insensible.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW TO PRESERVE THE HEART YOU HAVE WON.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?"

1. Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a a shelter from the world, a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him be sure to find pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should

he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

2. Invariably adorn yourself with *delicacy* and *modesty*. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposite never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife.

3. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to de-

serve it; but when he has once lost the name he will be apt to abandon the reality.

4. Cultivate and exhibit, with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the plainest face; and impart charms, where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is no antidote to affliction; and though a man may not seem to notice it, it is chilling and repulsive to his feelings, and he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

5. In the article of dress, study your husband's taste. The opinion of others, on this subject, is of but little consequence, if he approves.

6. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look on your chamber as a retreat from the vexations of the world, a

shelter sacred to peace and affection. How indecorous, offensive, and sinful it is for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say, "I *will* have it so. It *shall be* as I like!" But I trust that the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary to enlarge on the subject.

7. Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early; breakfast early; — have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

8. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female.

9. Let home be your empire, your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home; and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God.

# CHAPTER VII.

## GUARD AGAINST OFFENCES.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive

and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

### LOVE ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares,

and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

### THE MARRIED STATE AN EMBLEM OF THE HEAVENLY.

Those married pairs who live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at the day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St.

Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation to husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joy shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

### SOURCES OF UNHAPPINESS.

It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen; the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth; these and other nameless neg-

lects — without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before that sad sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and, cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then so kindly gave; and though she may be the injured, not the injuring one — the forgotten, not the forgetful wife — a happy allusion to that hour of peace and love — a kindly welcome to a comfortable home — a smile of love to banish hostile words — a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss — loved, loving and content — the soother of the sorrowing hour — the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

## MARRIAGE AND THE SABBATH.

Let any man, young or old, despise and trample on *Marriage*, that great fundamental institution which God established to secure and perpetuate the existence and social purity of our race, and through which to make known himself and manifest his goodness to man; and let him seek those gratifications without, which it is his revealed will should be enjoyed only within its sacred inclosure; or let him openly and presumptuously neglect and desecrate the *Subbath*, that other great and fundamental institution, which, like marriage, God established at the creation, as a help meet for families, and through whose hallowed influences they can alone accomplish the end for which they were established; and as certainly as God reigns in heaven, who judgeth upon the earth, such men, even here will be visited with his curse. He has established laws, fixed as the pillars of his

throne, which no man can annul or evade, by which those sins, continued, will work out destruction.

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## THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

THERE is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. Says Stevens, in his "Incidents of Travel," I saw much of the missionaries abroad, and even made many warm friends among them; and I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature and becomes the staff and support of the man.

In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his aching head and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling and have been welcomed as a brother; have answered her hurried, anxious questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. And when I left her dwelling it was with a mind burthened with remembrances to friends whom she will, perhaps, never see again.

## FIRST AFFECTION.

I *know* he loves me, for I read
  The story in his eye,
And hear it from those lips of his
  When none but he is nigh:
And I have loved him in return,
  And back to him have given
My first and dearest love, save that
  Which God must claim, and heaven.
Ah! who could help but loving *him*,
  He is so good and kind,
And has so much of nobleness
  And purity of mind;
O, I can place my confidence,
  With faith no doubt can dim,
And centre hope and happiness,
  My earthly all, in him.
But 't is around him most of all
  That my affection twines,
Because in all his deeds and words
  The Saviour's spirit shines.

What though unbidden to my eye,
The tears will sometimes start,
To think that from my childhood's home,
Ere long, I must depart?

It may be wrong that but for this
My cheek is sometimes wet,
It *may* be wrong, but mine is not
A heart that can forget,
Or leave without a sigh, the things
It prized in by-gone hours,
And fling the joys of other days
Aside like faded flowers;
Ah no! but I have won for these
*His* deathless love and true,
Who will forgive my parting tears,
Forgive my weakness too.

And I, for his sweet sake, will leave
All that I prized before,
Nor cast one longing look behind
On scenes my own no more.

'Tis not they are less dear to me,
For now they seem to fill
A larger portion of my heart,
But he is dearer still.

His home must be the home for me,
And paths untried, untrod;
His people shall my people be,
His God shall be my God.

Life is not all a summer day,
For wintry tempests blow,
And strong winds of adversity
Sweep harshly to and fro:
But not for sunny days alone
Will I become his bride,
'T is for those dark and stormy ones
That yet may dawn beside;
'T is for those days when cares shall fling
Their shadows on his brow,
As well as when the moments wing
A joyous flight as now.

And oh! when cares abroad, a weight
Upon his soul shall fall,
God grant that in his happy home,
He may forget them all:
That when the threshold of that home
His weary foot hath crossed,
In *my* caress and welcoming
The memory may be lost,

Of all that hath the power to make
His gentle spirit sad ;
And it will be my happiness
To strive to make him glad.

I know mine is an erring heart,
But oh, my aim shall be
To make it worthy of the love
He richly showers on me.

I know that he will bear with me,
My faults will gently chide,
And pardon all the waywardness
And folly of his bride ;
But 'tis not in my own weak strength
I pledge myself to him,
To be his own in faithfulness,
Till death my eye shall dim ;
O, no ! I dare not think of this ;
I go in strength Divine,
To tread the world's rough paths with him,
To link his lot with mine.

And 'mid whate'er of good or ill
Shall be to us assigned,
To him shall cling my spirit still,
The same sweet ties shall bind.

Death cannot part us: are we not
United through the Son,
By the same rich, immortal hopes
In our Redeemer, one?
And seek we not the same bright heaven?
O, till we enter there,
Life's joys and sorrows here below
*Together* we will bear.

*Mrs. A. Edmonds.*

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## MUSIC AND LOVE.

No softer tie can bind the heart
Than music 'twined with love;
The union formed, plays such a part
As wafts the soul above.

The soft delights which from them flow
Will ease the pangs of grief;
Will calm the heart oppressed with woe,
And give the soul relief.

## MARRIAGE HYMN.

Now the solemn words are spoken,
  Now the marriage vow is said;
And the tie, till death unbroken,
  Binds the kindred spirits wed:
    Sacred season,
  O'er it, Hope, thy radiance shed.

Thou, who standest at the altar,
  Claiming there thy chosen bride,
In thy duty never falter,
  O'er life's stormy sea to guide:
    Be thou faithful,
  Let whate'er of change betide.

Fondly guard the priceless treasure,
  Woman's love, which thou has won;
So thy cup of bliss shall measure
  Ever full and over run:
    Till a purer
  Angels fill, when life is done.

Thou from childhood's home departing,
  And the loved of many years;

O'er this hour's bright sunshine darting,
Cometh grief with falling tears:
Doubly precious,
Every face and scene appears.

Oh! when far from these connections,
From this dear, this hallowed spot,
In thy spirit's warm affections,
Cherished one, forget us not:
Thou shalt never,
By us changeless, be forgot.

Go, we would not here detain thee,
Tempt thee in our midst to stay;
By our words we will not pain thee,
Duty calls thee hence, away:
Go — we give thee
All the tribute love can pay.

Fare ye well! may God's rich blessing
On ye both rest sweetly now;
'Neath his smiles all bliss possessing,
Earth on mortals can endow:
Till ye enter
Worlds where binds no marriage vow.

*Mrs. A. Edmonds.*

## TO ACHSAH.

It was a vision ! bright and brief
  It's meteor beauty flash'd before me,
Through many a cloud of gloom and grief
  That long had darkly linger'd o'er me:
A dawn of dearer, tenderer bliss
  Than e'er my fondest fancy painted,
Serene as summer-sunlight is,
  By shadowing clouds undimm'd, untainted.
Then pardon ! that, as o'er my way
  It shone, like Heaven's own halo smiling,
I deem'd not *that* delightful ray,
  Like all life's earlier lights beguiling.

'Tis flown; joy's dream-depicted form !
  Thy lips the awakening word hath spoken,
Whose utterance like a counter-charm,
  Life's latest, loveliest spell has broken.
Oh ! frown not: — if my love was rash,
  Full dearly has that rashness cost me;
Hope dawn'd and died, — a lightning-flash !
  And then *that word*, the thunder, cross'd me.

It came with desolating blow
  My heart to smite, my hope to smother—
Oh! where is life's enchantment now?
  Thou'rt lost to me! thou lov'st another!
Thou lov'st another, and we part—
  I, reft of hope, and lorn and lonely,
Thou, bless'd and blessing; but this heart
  Still loves *thee* best, still loves thee *only*.
Yet, though thou wert my fancy's flower,
  Nor beauty's brightest ones excell'd thee,
I knew not, till that dreadful hour,
  How deeply, wildly dear I held thee!
Aye, lady, 'twas that hour unveil'd
  To my own heart the hope it cherish'd;
But scarce that new-found hope was hail'd
  Ere, like a birth-smit babe, it perish'd.
Enough! enough! my wretchedness
  Shall never dim thy dawn of gladness;
Yet will I love thee not the less,
  Though mask'd my love, though meek my sadness!
This heart shall learn the task, to chain
  Its struggling thoughts in stern compulsion,
And friendship's tranquil interest feign,
  While shivering with its hid convulsion.

For thee, be life-like paths that run,
Through fields the greenest, balmiest, brightest;
And oh! may he, thy chosen one,
Love thee *like* him whose love thou slightest.
And what shall Heaven more deeply bless
Than manly worth and woman's beauty,
So link'd in mutual tenderness,
In high-soul'd faith, in hallow'd duty?

*Ladies' Monthly Museum.*

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## OBERON TO TITANIA.

Fairy love, fairy love,
Wander with me,
Through the wild forest,
And over the lea:
Come where the roses
Are blooming in pride,
Down in the valley,
The streamlet beside.

Whose gentle murmuring,
As it glides by,
Breathes out an answer
To Zephyrus' sigh.

Come, I have spread out
A couch of repose,
Of the sweetest flowers
The summer bestows :
Violets, whose azure
Shall tell thee of truth,
Lilies, the emblems
Of innocent youth :
Through the wild forest,
And over the lea,
Fairy love, fairy love,
Wander with me !

I have framed a light skiff
Of a hazel-nut shell,
And my gossamer canvass
Is flung to the gale ;
And while the soft breezes
Of evening awake
The slumbers of echo,
We'll skim o'er the lake.

Come, I am longing
For night and for thee,
Fairy love, fairy love,
Wander with me !

*James Knox.*

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## LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

Love may be increased by fears,
May be fann'd with sighs,
Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts ;
But without Hope it dies !
As in the far Indian isles
Dies the young cocoa tree,
Unless within the pleasant shade
Of the parent plant it be :
So Love may spring up at first
Lighted at Beauty's eyes :—
But Beauty is not all its life,
For without Hope it dies.

L. E. L.

## I WILL HAVE NO HUSBAND—NO!

They say they'll to my wedding go;
But I will have no husband—no!

I'll rather live serene and still
Upon a solitary hill,
Than bend me to another's will,
And be a slave in weal or wo:
No! I will have no husband—no!

No! mother: I've no wish to prove
The doubtful joys of wedded love,
And from these flowery pathways rove
Where innocence and comfort grow—
No! I will have no husband—no!

And Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er meant that he,
Should thy young daughter's husband be:
We have no common sympathy—
So let youth's bud unbroken blow—
For I will have no husband—no!

*Ancient Poetry of Spain.*

## LINES,

### WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF A GIRL BURNING A LOVE LETTER.

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The lines were filled with many a tender thing,
All the impassion'd heart's fond communing.

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I took the scroll: I could not brook
An eye to gaze on it save mine;
I could not bear another's look
Should dwell upon one thought of thine.
My lamp was burning by my side,
I held the letter to the flame,
I mark'd the blaze swift o'er it glide,
It did even spare thy name.
Soon the light from the embers past,
I felt so sad to see it die,
So bright at first, so dark at last,
I fear'd it was love's history.

L. E. L.

## THE VOW.

The rose is my favorite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour,
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light, airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.

*Kostrov.*

## THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend:
The myrtle — yet, O, call it mine! —
The flowers I love to tend:

A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore, let me weep !

I leave thee, sister ! — we have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
When the silvery green of the olive shade,
Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower !

Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more :—
Sweet sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! — Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet !

Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child.
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth has smiled
I leave thee ! let me weep !

Mother, I leave thee ! — on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless — yet I go !

Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep :
Will earth give *love like yours* again ?
Kind mother, let me weep !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

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## WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS.

When should lovers breathe their vows ?
When should ladies hear them ?
When the dew is on the boughs ;
When none else are near them ;
When the moon shines cold and pale ;
When the birds are sleeping ;
When no voice is on the gale ;
When the rose is weeping ;
When the stars are bright on high,
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
Like soft fears to shade their beaming.
The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by starlight wreathing ;

And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
O, softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,—
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night flowers.
O, when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen.

L. E. L.

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## THE EMERALD RING.

It is a gem that hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no color in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone!

Take back your gift, and give me mine —
The kiss that sealed our last love vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine, —
My kiss is lost and sullied now!
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed;
But *my* true love hath altered not,
My heart is broken — not estranged!

L. E. L.

## CUPID CAPTIVE.

The Muses, once, intent on play,
Young Cupid, roving sought;
With flowery wreaths his hands they tied
And, bound, to Beauty brought.
Fond Venus ranges all the plain
To seek her little joy,
And soon a powerful ransom brings,
To free the imprison'd boy.
But, though released, the captive god
Refused to quit his chains;
And still, to Beauty's gentle sway
A willing slave remains.

## LOVE.

Every votary of love,
  Needs must pain and pleasure prove,
Love's delights belong to those
  Who have felt Love's wants and woes.

Love still bears a double chain,
  All his prisoners to bind.
Living — seek they death in vain;
  Dying — life in death they find.

When he wounds or kills, he cures, —
  When he heals, he seems to kill —
So the love-lorn heart endures
  All extremes of good and ill.

---

—— Estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong, doubts, falsehood — any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness, —
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not. *Willis.*

## THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes!" I answered you last night —
"No!" this morning, sir, I say —
Colors seen by candle-light,
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus, the sin is on us both;
Was to dance a time to woo?
Wooer light makes fickle troth —
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high —
Bravely, as in fronting death —
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards —
Point her to the starry skies —
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wives of yore,
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

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## THE TRUE HEART'S ASPIRATIONS.

I would be thine!
Oh, not to learn the anguish
Of being first a deity enshrined,
Then, when the fever-fit is past, to languish,
Stript of each grace that fancy round me twined!—
Not such the lot I crave.
I would be thine!
Not in bright summer weather,
A sunny atmosphere of joy to breathe;
But fear and tremble when the storm clouds gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting doom beneath,
Failing when needed most.

I would be thine !
When sickness doth oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch.
Waking—to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee ;
Sleeping—to list in dread each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine !
When vexed by worldly crosses,
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath the burden of thy losses,
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear :
Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine !
Gently and unreplying
To bear with thee when chafed and spirit-worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach, denying,
But by the soft submission which is born
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine !
My world in thee to centre
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving thought ;

No wish beyond the home where thou
should'st enter,
Ever anew to find thy presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be thine !

Not passion's wild emotion,
To show thee, fitful as the changing wind;
But with a still, deep, fervent, life-devotion,
To be to thee the help-meet God designed:
For *this* would I be thine !

*Manchester American.*

## TO MY WIFE.

There may be romance in that gentle feeling
Which visiteth my heart, when, at my side,
I feel a soft hand through mine quietly steal-
ing,
Yet there is something real in a bride !

For love hath music in it far more pleasing
Than the old romance of the feudal line,
Whose dames, in verse, were taught the art
of teasing
Their red-cross knights to trudge to Pales-
tine.

It is the romance of fresh thoughts which waken
Sweetly amid the visions of young years,
Heart-fraught with love, the long tried and unshaken,
Too pure for passion and too true for tears.

Yet gazing on thee, sweet, how thrills my bosom,
As to my heart I clasp thy yielding form ;
For life bereft of thee would wear no blossom,
Nor would hope's rainbow span my spirit's storm.

Doubt I that thy young heart will ever falter ?
Doubt I mine own will ever love thee less ?
Thou, who didst give me at the bridal-altar,
Thy heart's deep wealth of untold tenderness ?

Oh ! never dearest, never, till the beating
Of this poor heart, which throbs for thee, is o'er !
Never until my soul, from life retreating,
Takes up its death-march to the spirit-shore !

Then, as thy lips shall kiss me to my slumber,
As on life's verge I say the long good night,
How will thy love my struggling spirit cumber,
While the world reels and fevers on my sight.

Yet in that distant bourne, where, broken-hearted,
Thou shalt deem haply that my soul has rest,
Can I but meet thee, when life hath departed,
My sin-sick spirit shall be doubly blest!

*H. W. Rockwell.*

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## THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLES.

Come from the woods with the citron flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio!
They came, and the breeze
Bore the sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas; —

They came, and Eudora stood rob'd and crown'd,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heav'd by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheeks' hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the gleam of the dark resplendent eye,—
For the aspect of woman at times too high,—
Lay flashing in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
As it greenly wav'd by the threshold stone;
She turn'd — and her mother's gaze brought back,
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.

Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years !
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true ;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
She wept — yet laid her hand the while
In *his* that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
For the gush of nature's tenderness !
She lifted her graceful head at last —
The choking swell of her heart was past ;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way,
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

A distinguished nobleman refused a dowry with his bride. The incident suggested the following

## LINES.

Keep, keep the maiden's dowry,
And give me but my bride;
Not for her wealth, I woo her,
Not for her station's pride:
She is a treasure in herself—
Worth all the world beside.

Is not her mind a palace,
Wherein are riches rare;
Bright thoughts that flash like jewels,
And golden fancies fair,
And glowing dreams of joy and hope,
That make sweet pictures there?

Keep, keep my lady's dowry;
Her hand, her heart I claim.
That little hand is more to me
Than power, rank, or fame;
That heart's pure love is wealth, my lord,
No more your coffers name!

No statue in your proud saloon,
Can match her form of grace ;
No gem that lights your casket,
The radiance of her face.
In giving her, you give me all
I covet in earth's space.

Oh ! make her mine, your idol child !
To be my prize and pride,
My star in every festival,
My trust should woe betide,
My bower's loveliest blossom,
Mine own, my worshipped bride.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

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## WHITE ROSES.

They were gather'd for a bridal !
I knew it by their hue ;
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.

From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And fastened in a wreath;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal!
Where a thousand torches glistened,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened,
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken.
Yet he was present there —
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.

Their summer life was stainless,
And not like her's who wore them ;
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them !

*Sarah L. P. Smith.*

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## THE BRIDAL.

The stars of Heaven and silvery Queen of night
Had disappeared,and the glad morning, borne
On roseate wings, exhaled the crystal drops
From hawthorn bush, from bud and opening flower.
Nature awoke in beauty ; every breeze
Was fraught with balmy fragrance — every stream
Was tuned to sweetest melody, while song of bird
From garden, copse, and mead, and woody glen

Mingling wtih nature's matin hymn of praise,
Awoke the heart to joy. At such an hour,
From a low cottage, in a humble vale,
Broke forth this simple strain:

" We bring forth flowers for the happy bride,
As she leaves us now in her maiden pride,
As she bids adieu to her father's door,
To sit 'neath his shadowy vine no more;
No more to roam through the woodland bowers,
Nor join our song in the evening hours.
She is leaving her tender parent's smile,
For a home in a distant and sunny isle;
She is leaving a brother's watchful care,
For a joyous clime and a balmy air;
She is leaving a sister's fond caress,
Another's heart to soothe and bless—
Sweet maiden, fair maiden, remember those
Who twine for thy garland the bridal rose!

" The days of thy childhood have flitted by;
With the speed of sight they seemed to fly;
For ever to thee they were fraught with bliss
And gemmed with purest happiness.

To gather the early springing flowers,
And while away the sunny hours;
To seek them oft in the summer day,
In dales where rippling waters play;
And when autumnal winds had blown,
To mark where the withered flower was strown;
That ere cold winter's icy breath
Was to become the "bride of death."
These were thy pastimes with us, and we
A "blessing and blest" fraternity.
We'll twine the myrtle vine again,
We'll pour once more the choral strain;
Sweet maiden, fair maiden, O, never forget
Who twined for thy garland the mignonette!

"We may wander still 'neath the silvery moon,
We may tread the dance to the lyre's glad tune;
The flowers may bloom round thy valley home,
The spring's fresh breezes again may come;

The forest, the meadow, the greenwood bowers,
May wear the hue of thy childhood's hours;
The mountain torrent may still gush forth,
When thou art gone with thy youthful mirth;
But the hopes we have cherished will pass away,
We shall miss in its gladness thy spirit's ray;
Yet still may the pleasure thou'st nourished, bloom
'Neath the summer skies of thine island home.
Sweet maiden, fair maiden, our love is true,
And we'll twine for thy garland the violet blue.
The pleasures of childhood thy love hath proved,
Then "fare thee well" maiden, so fondly beloved!"

And they brought flowers, and on that sunny brow
They placed a beauteous garland, and they breathed

A fervent prayer, that life might ever be,
As it had been to her, a happy scene,
A pathway strewn with every fragrant flower
Of cherished love, and ever fresh delight.
And with the sunshine of Love's joyous smile,
She passed on, to her home, that sunny isle.

F. A. C.

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## A LASSIE'S MEDITATIONS.

Nae sweet-heart hae I, though I am not ill
faurd ;
But there's ower monie lasses, and wooers
are scared.
This night I the hale o' my fortune wad gie,
If every lassie were married but me.

Then I wad get plenty about me to speer
Fold wad na be fashious for beauty or gear:
Hearts broken in dozens around I should
see,
If every lassie were married but me.

One lover wad hae a' my errands to rin,
Anither should tend me baith outly and in;
To keep me good humor'd wad tak two or three
If every lassie were married but me.

A daft dream I dream'd — it has faded awa;
Nae bodie in passing e'er gie's me a ca' ;
Nae laddie to court me I ever shall see
*Till every lassie is married but me.*

*E. Elliott.*

## THE SAILOR LOVER.

My bark shall be our home ;
The gale shall chant our bridal melodies ;
The stars that light the angel palaces
Of air, our lamps ; our floor, the crystal deep
Studded with sapphires,sparkling as we pass;
Our roof, all Heaven ! my beautiful, my own !
Never did sail more gladly glide to port
Than I to thee ! my anchor in thy faith,
And in thine eyes my haven !

*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

## THE BRIDAL.

Oh! they are blest indeed, and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreathe her hair in flowers.
Then before *all* they stand; the holy vow,
And ring of gold — no fond illusions now —
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow —
The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

*Rogers.*

## A NORTHERN LEGEND.

There sits a gentle maiden,
The sea is murmuring nigh ;
She throws the hook and watches—
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a red jewel
Is sparkling on her hand,
Upon the hook she binds it,
And casts it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair—
What gleams upon its finger ?
The golden ring is there.

Up rises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight ;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
"Nay, knight of ocean, nay,
It was not thee I wanted ;
Let go the ring, I pray."

"The bait of gold and jewels
Is not to fishes thrown ;
The ring shall never leave me,
And, maiden, thou 'rt my own."

*Bryant.*

## A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike ;
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild : then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train : —

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight—without thee is sweet.

*Milton.*

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## DOMESTIC LOVE.

Oh ! happy they, the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser ties of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love :

Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence ; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

*Thomson.*

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## THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

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The trump and the banner still lead him afar —
Ambition alone seems his life-guiding star,
And tones that I loved as the music of song,
Now only to dreams and remembrance belong.

And while woodlands brighten, too soon to decay,
And flowers are passing like spirits away,

I can but half liken their fate to my own,
And think that hope, gladness, like them may
be shown.

Ah ! can all the joys that so long I have felt,
Like mists from the mount, into nothingness
melt ?
The last look at parting, its sorrow divine —
Can it fade from his bosom and cling but to
mine ?

Be still my sad heart, he yet will return,
And loves brightest torch more brightly shall
burn,
And thou, my young blossom, smile on in
thy glee,
No thought would I mingle of sadness with
thee.

Yes ! smile — and its rapture my heart shall
renew,
I'll read in thy glance that the absent is
true ;
He called me *his* ever, his lip on my brow,
I trusted then fondly — I'll doubt him not
now !

And though founts of feeling may close not
at will ;
His mem'ry returns to my heart with a
thrill,
And let still forever griefs fountain awake —
I well could bear madness, if borne for his
sake.

*T. H. Cushman.*

## HUSBANDS.

Assist your wives in making home happy, preserve the hearts you have won.

1. When you return from your daily avocations, do you find your habitations alluring ? Do not sit down in a corner, silent and sullen, with clouded brow, and visage repulsive. Meet your beloved ones with a smile of joy and satisfaction : take them by the hand.

2. Never indulge in coarse, harsh, or profane words. These to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibility, are exceedingly disgusting, and tend to grieve

her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips : write it upon the table of your heart. Modesty and delicacy are gems of priceless value ; keep them polished like burnished gold.

3. Husbands, be exceedingly cautious never to say or do anything that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked respect than when alone.

4. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others ; make them your confidants ; confide in them, and they will confide in you ; confidence begets confidence, love begets love, sweetness begets sweetness.

5. Above all, sympathize with the wives of your bosoms in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tear of sorrow ?

6. Finally ; husbands, remember that death will soon sever the combined cord ! When you behold her, with whom you lived and

toiled, and wept and rejoiced, cold and lifeless, laid in the coffin —

Think of the happiness so deep and tender,
That filled thy heart when wandering by her side,
Think how her faintest smile had power to render
The darkest moment one of love and pride.

And now that this frail form in death grows colder,
A sweet, calm rapture fills the parting hour,
That thou art with her, though a sad beholder,
A witness of the dear Redeemer's power!

Will you then regret that you studied always to promote her happiness? that the law of kindness and love dwelt on your lips evermore? Oh, think, and be now her ministering angel!

## ON A MARRIAGE.

Now joy be thine, my noble brother,
For thou hast won a gifted bride;
The heart that never loved another,
Is beating fondly at thy side.
The charms of youth may not endure;
Earth's finest gold hath some alloy;
But that young heart, so high and pure,
Is wealth and thine; I give thee joy!

## HOME'S ENDEARMENTS.

There are joys, by the fireside of home,
Where strangers our peace cannot mar;
And, foolish are all they who roam
For blessings which come not from afar.
In the heart of dear home,
Swells the fountain of bliss,
And its waters are sweet
As the balm of a kiss.

When the day with its duties and cares,
Its burdens and trials, is past,
And little ones, lisping their prayers,
Are lulled to their slumbers at last,
There's a quiet of spirit —
A calm of the heart —
That induces content,
And bids sorrow depart.

In the turmoil and bustle of life,
Though cares vex and weary the sire, —
And duties of mother and wife,
Her heart's cherished patience require,
Yet they meet at the fireside,
At evening's still hour, —
And the care-cloud is vanished,
And love proves his power.

There's a rapture worlds cannot express, —
A joy language cannot define,
At home; where love's deep tenderness
Seems poured from a fountain divine; —
There sympathy gushes, —
Soft music is there,
And devotion mounts up
On the pinions of prayer.

While, above the bright course of love's
stream,
(To assure them it ever shall flow,)
With the hues of a glorious dream,
Hope arches her beautiful bow,
But their Faith mounts its keystone,
Then, piercing the sky,
Finds a holier home,
By love's fountain on high.

*E. Porter Dyer.*

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The heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasured in it. There a ray serene
Of heaven's own sunshine ever more hath
been ;
And though each star of hope and joy may
pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but kindly keep that heart, he'll
find
Sweet gleams of consolation there en-
shrined.

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

Go forth, young bride! The future lies be
fore thee;
Hidden in clouds are all the coming
hours;
None can tell what fate is brooding o'er
thee,
How much thy path contains of thorns and
flowers.
Thy childhood's home, where thou wert late
reposing
In happy slumbers, and innocent, free,
This night excludes thee, when its doors are
closing,
Only a visitor henceforth to be!

Leaving that home — hast thou secured
another,
Standing wide open to receive thy feet;
Loved by his sisters — welcome to his mother,
Shall kindly smiles thy gracious presence
meet?

Or holdst thou in fear that dreadful treasure,
Love's lonely anchorage in one human heart ?
Learning its strength of silver links to measure
When friends and foes alike conspire to part ?

Art thou beloved, and dost thou love him truly,
By whom — with whom — thy lot of life is cast ?
Or hast thou rashly, weakly, or unduly,
In wrath, or scorn, or grief, thus sealed the past ?
If, stung by memories, thou must dissemble,
Of one who left there, fickle and unkind ;
Thy pride thus seeks to wound the inconstant — tremble !
Back to thy heart that shaft its way shall find !

Wo for the bitter days, too late repenting
Th' irrecoverable step — the broken rest —
When thou shalt lean thy weary head, lamenting
On the lost refuge of thy mother's breast !

There, in the recklessness of early sorrow,
Holding no hope of brighter days to come —
Yearning to die before the darkened morrow,
And be calm buried near thy childhood's home !

Shalt thou, in this strange world of serpent slander,
Escaping all its venom and deep shame,
In tranquil paths, obscurely happy, wander,
Where none shall point thee out for praise or blame :
Or shalt thou dwell in mingled smiles and frowning,
Half envied, half enshrined, by Fashion's slaves,
Then, shipwrecked sink, like one who suffers drowning
After vain struggle with opposing waves !

Will he, thy mate, be true to vows of duty,
Or shalt thou weep, with eyelids veiled and dim,
The lost advantage of thy powerless beauty,
Which, praised by others, kept no hold on him ?

Shall some fair temptress, like a dazzling meteor,
Teach him thy more familiar charms to slight—
Thy deep love weighed against each novel feature,
A balance, sated custom renders light?

Who shall decide? The Bridal Day! Oh! make it
A day of sacrament and fervent prayer,
Though every circumstance conspire to take it
Out of the common prophecy of care!
Let not vain merriment and giddy laughter,
Be the last sound in thy departing ear—
For God alone can tell what cometh after,
What store of sorrow, or what cause for fear!
Go forth, young bride!

*Mrs. Norton.*

## HOME AFFECTIONS.

Come, dearest, I have trimmed the lamp,
And by our cottage hearth,
Now let us, for one little hour,
Forget the woes of earth.

How many lines of anxious care
Are written on thy brow !
Who could have dreamed of such a lot
For one so good as thou ?

And yet, amid these weary toils
Why should thy heart repine,
When there is such a world of love
Within this home of thine ?

O, blessings on thee for the love
That's beaming from thine eyes,
I know there's still an Eden left
To which thy spirit flies.

Then, dearest, when the cold world frowns,
Recall some sunny smiles
And carry in thy heart the song
That weariness beguiles.

## ON CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, or vanity, or to flattery, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before it.

When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, and who will attend to all her wants with filial love, affection, and tenderness, he will certainly make a *very* good husband.

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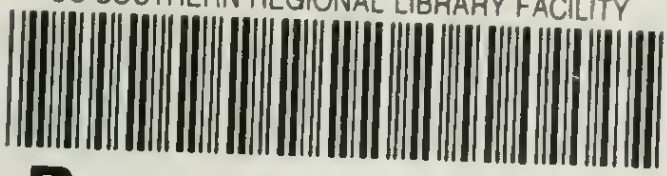

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